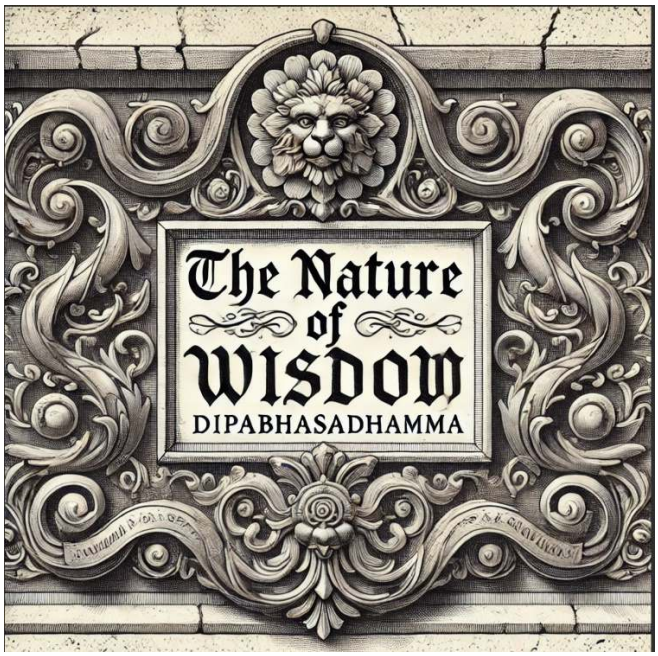

Beneath the shade where rivers lie,
A serpent rests with watchful eye.
Its coil is still, its breath is calm,
Its silence bears a potent balm.

Yet, grasp it wrong, with careless hand,
The bite will burn, the wound will stand.
For wisdom's form, though gentle-seeming,
Will punish those who come unmeaning.

The Buddha's words, like snakes, are pure,
A quiet strength, a guide, a cure.
Not bound by dogma, cage, or creed,
But tools to serve each seeker's need.

Each lesson waits, both sharp and wise,
For hands that meet it, measured eyes.
The truths are clear, but only seen
By those whose minds are calm, serene.

Mistreated, though, their use turns sour,
A poison spreads, the heart will cower.
For teachings held to feed the self,
Are venom placed on wisdom's shelf.

"Grasp well," he said, "and know its nature,
A guide, not king, nor holy stature.
A tool to wield, a flame to light,
Not chains to bind or walls of might."

The snake lies still, its task is clear,
To help, not harm, to calm, not fear.
But misuse leads to venom's spread,
A mind ensnared, by suffering fed.

Reflect, dear seeker, on your hold,
What truths you grasp, what lies you've told.
For wisdom bends to skillful hand,
A path revealed, a life unplanned.

Deep in the grove, where silence reigns,
A serpent waits, its coil remains.
It does not hiss, it does not strike,
But holds its truth for those who seek alike.

Its body gleams, a silent guide,
A tempered force, with nothing to hide.
Yet to the hands of haste or greed,
Its wisdom bends, its power recedes.

The Buddha's words, like this coiled art,
Are tools to heal, to touch the heart.
But if they rest on lips alone,
Their power fades, their truth unknown.

For wisdom lives not in the mind,
If practice trails too far behind.
The map is not the road you tread,
The meal is not the words you've read.

"Grasp well," he said, "but with intent,
Not for show, or pride's ascent.
The teachings serve the heart in motion,
Not still, unmoved, like stagnant oceans."

The snake, once poised to teach and guide,
Becomes inert when rules preside.
When words are hoarded, truth grows cold,
A lifeless serpent, wisdom sold.

To know is not enough to grow,
To walk the path is what bestows
The gift of freedom, clear and bright,
To see beyond the dark to light.

So, heed this truth, both sharp and plain,
Without the act, the words are vain.
The serpent's coil is not a prize,
But a chance to open seeking eyes.

Reflect, dear one, on what you hold,
The path is walked, not bought or sold.
For wisdom waits in steps, not schemes,
A journey lived, not dreamed in dreams.

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